



A THEOSOPHICAL VIEW.

Mediums and Materialization.

What Are They When Genuine?

A Leading Theosophist's Opinion.

In this article it is taken for granted that there are honest mediums, and that such persons, while they may be themselves deceived in regard to the character of their own powers and manifestations, do not knowingly or willfully deceive others. This position of the present writer differs essentially from that of two other classes of persons, one of which habitually declares that every so-called medium is a conscious fraud, and the other claims that the great bulk of so-called mediumistic phenomena are derived from disembodied human spirits formerly inhabiting physical bodies on this earth, and that these phenomena are therefore positive proof of conscious life after death.

Two questions are specially to be considered:

1. What are these phenomena?
2. How can they be explained otherwise than by referring them to the agency of disembodied spirits?

The first question naturally includes the second.

To avoid misunderstanding, the further position may here be stated at the outset, that neither the explanations herein proposed, nor the belief of the present writer, denies the conscious immortality of man, nor the possibility of synchro-spirit communion. On the contrary, the discipline that the spirit of man is immortal, and that on certain rare occasions spirits may and do commune with mortals. The great bulk of phenomena designated as mediumistic are to be otherwise explained by the knowledge of the nature of man and the mediumistic character, without any interposition of spirits.

The evidence upon which these conclusions are based is largely philosophical; but this philosophy must be logical and coherent, and it must reconcile empirical evidence and explain all genuine phenomena.

This philosophy will have to be stated in dogmatic form, simply because to argue it out step by step, and to support it by authorities at every stage, would take more space and time than could be herein devoted to it.

Matter and force, as we use the terms, are inseparable and indistinguishable. There hence results the persistence of motion in all matter. For an atom of matter to cease to move it must cease to be.

Matter exists in many forms on many planes; as, for example, the solid, the liquid, the gaseous, and the still more ponderable form, the etheral. Matter is continually being converted from one of these planes to the other by processes occurring in nature, and a similar conversion may be brought about artificially, as when solids are liquefied, or when water is converted into steam.

The difference between the different planes of matter may best be grasped by considering the different rates of vibration (or motion) incident to each plane. The vibration increases rapidly as we pass upward from the physical to the higher planes. If conversion from one plane to another habitually occurs in nature, there must be a law for such conversions; that is, each plane must differ from the one above or below it by an exact ratio. Mr. Keely's merit consists in the discovery of this law or ratio, and of an invention for bringing about the conversion of water to the higher planes.

We have been speaking of distinct and separate planes, separated by concrete degrees. It must be remembered that matter really existing on various planes may exist in a given mass, or within a definite space, in several forms, as, for example, when a solid is saturated by a fluid, and when a vapor, like steam, saturates both. Whenever such complex conditions exist, great vitality and sensitiveness to all conditions exist. This is particularly the case with the human body.

ous, without definite forms or organs, with a very low grade of consciousness. Let us call these last elements. Millions of these organisms, both large and small, float in the air, and are invisible. They give rise to diseases of many forms. Some are malignant; others harmless; others beneficial to man. These things belong rather to the atmosphere, though with it they also float in an astral light or ether. The ether has another property. It is like the sensitive plate of the photographer. In the old philosophies it is called the "Mirror of Isis." It is everywhere and at all times full of pictures. Some of these pictures are comparatively feeble and evanescent; others are strong and indelible. Sir Isaac Newton called the ether *Sensorium Dei*, the agent of divine consciousness or sensation. Everything that has occurred on the earth is thus mirrored in the ether. It is the earth's book of memory, or recording angel. Furthermore, as the ether reaches to the stars, and is pure in its upper strata, and to the center of the earth, mirroring all events, "Cosmic Ideation" from the power enthroned in infinite space reflects down into the ether in its purer part the idea of all created forms, and so repeats and continues the cycles of creation in world after world, star after star.

Now, apply all that has been said regarding the ether of the earth to man: Man is a miniature earth; a microcosm. All the various planes of matter referred to are also represented in the body of man, and it is only by the harmonious relations and co-ordinate action of all of these that health exists, intelligence reigns, and spirit triumphs over matter. As in the case of the earth, it is the ether that receives the image of all things from the ether of the ether, so the principle of "Cosmic Ideation" is also in man is the same element of vehicle of intuition and the center of consciousness. This subtle element receives all the higher impressions from the divine realms of being and reflects them down into strata after strata, plane after plane of grosser matter. The pictures of all bodily acts, appetites and passions, and even our secret thoughts, constitute the grosser pictures, as the records of the earth are held in the lower strata of the ether. The ether, therefore, is the higher and the lower man in man; the universal and divine; and the animal and sensuous or selfish.

The middle ground, on which these two natures meet, is what is called the Manasic, or mind-plane, with which also meet and co-ordinate consciousness and conscience. All appetites, passions and desires belong to the lower manas. All aspirations, intuitions, and unselfish impulses pertain to the higher manas, or higher mind. Through these various planes of matter and force existing in man, and the vibrations incident to each, man is brought into relation with the same plane of the earth's structure or atmosphere through equal vibrations and co-ordinate vibrations. The gross matter in man vibrates at the same rate and degree of intensity as the gross matter of the earth or cosmos, and so with each finer plane up to the "pure waters of space." Were it otherwise, man could never become conscious of these planes. Man, therefore, carries with him the records of all his deeds—the picture of every thought, whether good or evil. It is through the record made first on the sensitive etheral structures of his being that his deeds and his thoughts are reflected into the grosser elements, where they become fixed, and stamp themselves on every muscle, fiber and particle of his body. Vice and virtue thus mould the physical body till at last all who see may read. These records exist on every plane of man's composite nature except the highest. This highest element being essentially divine, may be likened and fitted to the ether of the ether, and to the ether of Jack the Ripper, but can never be contaminated.

I have spoken of matter, force, motion, elements and planes, but man is more than all these. There is in him a center of life, of consciousness, of thought, of sensation and perception. There is a nucleus, the very center of the germ from which his organism springs, by the expansion and unfolding of which his complex nature is built into the concrete human form. This nucleus continues to exist throughout his natural life. This is the center from which his whole evolution proceeds, and it is this center that so continually involves power from the divine planes, with which it corresponds in its nature and attributes. This center is the ego, the thinker, the—I am I. Evolution is thus seen to be but one side of the equation of life; viz., the outward unfolding, through differentiation on the lower physical plane, of those powers and potentials, essences and forms, derived by continual influx from the spiritual plane.

We may now regard this nucleus with its three-fold root as the conscious center in man. It is in immediate relation to the "lower manas," and this lower manas, or mind, is the function of the physical brain, the seat of all desires, ambitions, appetites and passions. This function of the lower manas while centering in the human brain, is by no means confined to it. It pervades the whole nervous mechanism with its nerve-fluid, sometimes called *nerve-aura*. This nerve-fluid saturates all the organs and tissues, just as in the case of the nucleus one element was said to saturate or pervade the others. Now, let us call this nerve-fluid the seat and center of the lower manas (mind), as of all sensations, appetites, passions and desires, sensitive, and composed of highly organized matter in rapid vibration.

The "body of desire" (Karma Rupa). It will be seen that even in normal life it has no consciousness of its own, but shines by borrowed light derived directly from the higher manas, as that which shines through Buddha from the central spark of divinity. During ordinary life this "body of desire," saturating the grosser elements of the body, endows them with its own life and motion. Let us say that it has no definite form of its own, but as water takes readily and temporarily the form of the vessel that contains it, so this fluidic "body of desire" assumes the shape of the body in which it dwells. It is, therefore, ethereal, sensitive, and both conscious and intelligent by reflection from higher planes. It is called by many names—"body of desire," "astral body," "bliss body," "from the physical shell, and drawing thence the life essences, assumes the human shape. Being the seat of all desires, appetites and passions, it now fully embodies all these, but with its physical body through which to exercise or gratify them on the outer plane of conscious life. As it formerly received its conscious intelligence by reflection from above, and displayed its desires by and through its lower vehicle, the body, so now, according to the strength of its lower appetites, and the weakness of its higher mind, will it be anchored to the earth and seek to gratify those desires "vicariously," by contact with sensitive persons with whom it can come into rapport and influence. It may thus lead a vicarious existence rather indefinitely, but always on the plane of the lower manas (appetites, passions, etc.), because the "higher ego," or nucleus, now released from the gross physical body, seeks its affinities on the higher spiritual planes from which it is derived. If the natural process is not interfered with, the higher ego escapes from this "body of desire," while the latter, losing its inspiring genius, slowly fades out in the astral light, and while the physical body decomposes on the lower plane, it is called a "shell." It is the animal soul from which all higher elements and powers have departed. It never reincarnates in the normal process, for it has no nucleus or divine germ from which the strictly human qualities are derived. The higher ego that escapes from the body of desire, and which is sometimes called the spiritual soul. Its strength as a structure and the measure of its consciousness on the superior planes of being will depend on its high-mindedness; that is, on the range of its activities in the higher intuitional and spiritual realms during its life on earth. Just as the strength of the lower mind or manas will depend on its indulgence of appetite and passion through its body of desire during earthly life.

All these lower elements related to the physical body and functioning with and through the physical brain perish with it. It may thus be seen that the law of attraction or affiliation is the same on all planes of being. Like seeks like, and like is attracted by like everywhere.

Psychic faculties, like clairaudience and clairvoyance, are latent in every human being. In certain persons they are largely developed owing to conditions of heredity and normal evolution. It is an evolution of finer perceptions due to the wider range of action of the elements called Buddha. If in this case the higher manas, the seat of unselfishness, of aspiration, and higher intuition, is consciously exercised, and at the same time the appetites controlled, passions suppressed, and spiritual aspirations encouraged, then there will be visions of diviner things, intuitions of spiritual laws and principles, and a higher evolution will continually go on. If, on the other hand, the individual is selfish, uncharitable, passionate and so desires, he will either darken and lose his higher perceptions, or he will be able to exercise them only on the same low plane in which he lives, by virtue of the law of correspondence already referred to. Like attracts or is attracted

by like. In the natural psychic or medium the body of desire is not necessarily more largely developed than with others, but often less so, for as already shown, his finer perceptions and intuitions come from a still higher plane; but if he carelessly or consciously gives way to his animal nature, his danger is so much more increased as his nature is more sensitive to all influences, good or bad, than ordinary individuals.

The medium or sensitive has a larger range of consciousness on the psychic plane, that of the ether or astral light, because the corresponding elements of his nature are more highly developed than those of ordinary individuals. When, therefore, he is entranced, or exercises his mediumship, he may largely or almost entirely withdraw his consciousness from the lower physical plane, and concentrate it on the astral plane, where the pictures of events or thoughts are registered. In other words, he may read, see or hear in the astral light, or universal ether. If in addition to his natural sensitiveness he has also cultivated the "higher manas," by a pure life of his spiritual intuitions, and aspiration, he may also read and see in those higher etheral realms, called "the pure waters of space," and so come in contact with the higher egos, already described as having cast off the body of desire after death. It should be observed that the character of what the medium sees or hears depends upon himself, upon his own character, development and attractions, rather than on what are termed controls. What are called controls, are neither more nor less than obsessions, depending on the voluntary surrender. The conscious will and identity of the sensitive or medium to some other power, and as the body of desire have already escaped from the body of desire and exist only on the higher spiritual planes, they cannot control one through the lower elements that they, themselves, no longer possess. If they are largely developed in the higher elements during life, they may control or influence the medium in rare cases through the same higher elements in him, if also largely developed. In such case the control or communication would be of a correspondingly high order. The medium, however, is not to be misled by the lower manas, that of personal desires, ambitions and selfish, personal loves, or above the average intelligence of any average gathering of sorrowing, selfish and sinning human beings.

According to the laws of correspondence already indicated, the obsession or influence of control most likely to occur would be from the corresponding astral plane, full of shadows, illusions, and of beings not yet separated from their body of desire, or those in whom it had been abnormally developed by passion, selfishness and pride during earthly life. In such cases, though the sensitive or medium might not at first be equally depraved, there is always the greatest danger that he or she will become so by the "vicarious action" already described. These "vicarious actions" lead to the inevitable being by strengthening his body of desire or lower nature, through this vicarious indulgence, and thus lead to permanent obsession and insanity, as has often occurred with the medium while retarding the normal evolution of the invisible being. An invisible being so played upon is not one of the shells spoken of in occultism, but a veritable "Mr. Hyde" to the unhappy medium, a "dwellers in the threshold." A shell is the body of desire from which the higher ego has already escaped, and which is slowly dissolving in the astral light as the body decomposes on the visible plane. It has the human form or semblance, a lingering remnant of consciousness like the odor of humanity derived from the higher ego, and these all disintegrate and disappear.

Now, what is it that the honest sensitive or medium sees and hears? Bearing in mind that each individual carries with him in his atmosphere the records of his life, his deeds, his thoughts and his desires, as pictures in the all-surrounding ether, he carries with him, in the astral plane, the records of the personalities to whom these have relations. The medium sees these, even though the person for whom he sees has entirely forgotten them, and with incidents he never knew, though plainly recorded and known to others. The medium's faculties are at best but partly developed, and knowing little or nothing of the laws governing these things, falls to understand their real nature and import.

Where materializations occur the process is different. Owing to the greater sensitiveness of the medium, the normal unfolding of his higher elements he can more readily become conscious on the astral plane. Every force and every phenomenon on every plane requires a material substratum for its display. In becoming conscious on the astral plane the body of desire, in its astral form of the medium, being itself ethereal, passes beyond the narrow bounds of the physical body, owing to the intenser vibrations to which it now responds, and owing to the fact that on that plane matter so etherized is not so confined and held within such hard and fast lines. While the vibrations are finer, the etheral substance is subject to greater oscillations. There is hence a projection of the body of desire into the astral form of the medium. Such a projection of the double may and often does take place with ordinary individuals during sleep, but in such cases it is still in charge—so to say—of one's own higher ego, and nothing further occurs.

But in case of the medium there is a possibility beyond that of normal sleep, and a surrender of will power to any obnoxious influence. I have spoken of the images in the astral light, and of the forms of life that are invisible to us. Regarding now the jelly-like elemental, by affinity of structure and vibration with the emanation from the body of the medium there is a strong attraction between the two and they temporarily coalesce. Thus fortified the astral form of the medium becomes visible in a dim light, and as the apparition is the subtler portion of the medium's body—it reflects, though somewhat vaguely and confusedly, his own intelligence and faculties, including speech. The apparition is usually transient, unsteady and vapory; hence it may assume diverse forms. From the atmosphere of an individual strongly desiring, and perhaps unconsciously hypnotizing the sensitive structures of the medium, or from the numberless pictures in the astral light, a form is derived into which the apparition with its elemental temporarily passes. Thus in an hour, or a single evening, it may assume a large number of forms, and personate a dozen different individuals, living or dead, whose pictures are strongly impressed on the astral light. Such things certainly occur, in the presence of certain persons, and not of others. No grade of intelligence above those persons present is ever witnessed, though facts unknown or forgotten may often be given, and materializations may occur that none present recognize, for apparent reasons. The materialized apparition is therefore in no sense a disembodied human spirit, but a structure of a far lower grade, a mixed structure, evanescent, of a lower degree of intelligence, reflecting the wishes and strong desires of those present, and in no sense a proof of immortality.

The exercise of such a power by a sensitive is exceedingly injurious. It strengthens not the spiritual powers and faculties, but rather the lower nature. It is a very dangerous form of hypnotism, and the most weakening possible to the will. It unites one for the ordinary avocations of life, and more than anything prevents the normal evolution of the sensitive, and many more have been obsessed, and many more have been tempted to be strongly tempted to do so.

There is a normal line of evolution, and a healthy and safe exercise for these powers of the sensitive. The normal evolution lies along the path of purity of life in deed and in thought; in unselfish endeavor for the elevation of man, and in continual aspiration toward the highest and best. No exercise of psychic power can ever be safe that involves hypnotism in any form or any form of self-surrender to obsession. No conscientious and highly spiritual person, in the body or out of it, will ever desire either to hypnotize or be hypnotized. Everything worth accomplishing or communicating can be done and leave each soul master in its own tabernacle, under the enlightenment of its higher self, the God within us, the "Christos" of the ancient Gnostic. A Gnostic is "one who knows."

J. D. BUCK, M. D., F. T. S.

IT ASSISTS.

TO THE EDITOR:—I read in your valuable PROGRESSIVE THINKER expressions made about the benefit it brings to members of all denominations, but see nothing from Jewish quarters. The designated "pioneer Spiritualist of Cleveland," born from good Jewish parents, and carefully educated in the tenets of the Jewish faith, wishes to raise his voice in behalf of your instructive paper, and say that it assists and does not interfere with anybody's religious mode of thinking, provided persons prefer to think for themselves.

Cleveland, O. LEWIS J. KOHN.

Our paper is designed to be broad and truly catholic, embracing all classes of people, but not their sectarianism. The principle and truth for which we stand is too broad in its essence and spirit to be so narrowed down and shrunken as to be measured in the little, petty, man-made pint cups of any shade of orthodox or unorthodox, unspiritual religious creeds. Our Jewish friend, being a man who thinks for himself, finds in our paper instruction that "assists and does not interfere with his religious mode of thinking." It is a compliment to us—and equally so to him, we say—that such is his experience.

FREE! FREE! FREE!!!

Our aim has been, and is now, to do a philanthropic work. The attainment or accumulation of money solely has never been our object. We simply wish to leave the world better than we found it, and if that end is consummated we shall feel that we have not lived in vain. Hence we wish to send broadcast the excellent story appearing in our paper by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. We make this liberal offer: Every new subscriber to our paper will get the first five chapters of the story free. While we are spending our whole time in trying to liberalize the world, we ask each of our readers to canvas their respective localities, and endeavor to find us at least one new subscriber to whom we can impart the light of our paper.

MODERN THEOSOPHY.

A Religious Catspaw.

TO THE EDITOR:—In the study of pathology physicians used to say that hysteria would simulate every disease. In like manner it may be said that Jesuitism simulates every kind of cult or scheme of faith earth has known. Departed worthies tell us "Spiritualism is destined to destroy all religions, for man wants no religion and no worship, but must have morality, altruism, veracity, ethics and fraternity. Conscious of this pushing fact of the regenerating power of Spiritualism, papal forces lose no occasion to thwart, confuse, pervert, or destroy all mediums and their work. They strive to abort every spiritual enterprise. And here of all examples of modern literature, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER above others has shaken the thin dry bones, and stirred the rotten carcasses of Roman iniquity, and exposed the ever-present and ever-acting villainies with hopeful, self-protecting results.

How many mediums the Jesuits have confused, delayed, crippled, perverted, subverted and destroyed! We all remember that brilliant platform speaker, Miss Jennie Leys. She was not long before the public until she was seized upon by those cunning Jesuitical rogues, quietly secluded, hushed and laid aside. She was apparently self-imprisoned and lost to the living, active ways of Spiritualism. For fourteen years she dwelt as a solitary recluse, and guarded with papal watchfulness and secluded as a lunatic. Educated in Christian dogmas and living in the belief of the divinity of Jesus, her reasoning powers for independent, personal thinking were carefully folded in a religious napkin and laid aside; therefore she was easily captured a willing victim of their flattering promises that through her Jesus would return and astonish the world by the marvels of wisdom and wonderful works that would be done. Passive and plastic in her hands she was to be the rare and chosen personage for great events.

Disloyal to her own intellectual womanhood, she had no sturdy and earnest physician, had sitting by his side a girl of some fourteen years—a clairvoyant; this girl said she saw a Catholic priest standing by the side of Miss Leys, as if he were something more than an attentive listener. He was her director or dictator, and prompted her line of thought and speaking.

While she was living in her secluded seclusion in Southern California, Mr. Warren Chase and his wife visited her. Mrs. Chase was a clairvoyant, and saw the same Catholic prelate clothed in sacerdotal robes, and in close attendance, watchfully guarding his poor, deluded and captive. He manifested alarm and great uneasiness at the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Chase—indicating a fear that they might be persuaded to break away, leave the house and re-enter again upon her public work on the rostrum in behalf of Spiritualism and against a deluded and priest-ridden world. Luckily for herself and the cause of Spiritualism, Miss Leys was liberated from that hermit life by removal of her house to make way for a street.

How this devilish work of rule or ruin, is done, we are informed by the confession of those whose lives have been given to that kind of religious villainy. Hold your breath and listen to the words of one of those divine deceivers, who announces himself as Pope Innocent III. He says:

"I do not want to speak, but I am caught in the working of my own trap. There are two kinds of psychology—one in which it is necessary that a mortal shall perform the operation: In the other, the operator upon a spirit through a medium. Myself and other spirits have been using this latter phase of psychology to defeat all efforts exerted in the direction of what you call progression. To-day I am such a psychologized spirit, and am held by four minds, one is the spirit of Aronazar, another Liebig, and acting with them are Franklin and Jefferson. I am closely watched in what I say, and must speak the truth."

After giving his message on another subject he says: "I am directed to state that psychology is the main instrument used by spirits to lead those astray who seek to give the truth in spirit intercourse with mortals to the world."

"By our psychological power exerted over others we confuse their senses, and thus cause them to act in ways that will lessen or destroy their influence. The fact is, that we are adepts in the use of this power, and we use it for the purpose of propagating our ideas where best we can. We often carry this power to the extent of obsession and possession to gain our point."

Here we see the devil type has made a clean breast of it. Let us take a long breath and smile, for it is too serious to laugh at. Now Theosophy has been a dead letter in the civilized world for years. In modern times its hinder parts have been galvanized into life sufficient—like the hinder parts of the frog—to give a galvanized kick. It moves. It has dressed itself in long, folding robes of meaningless words, like a mysterious garment—like a mystic robe of the East—to choke and smother infant Spiritualism. Spiritualism seems to be the red rag to bull-headed Theosophy.

When Mrs. T., from Chicago, lectured here before the Stockton Theosophical society, she berated Spiritualism, op-

posed mediums and mediumship. She "did not believe in mediums and had no use for them;" yet mediumship is here and Madame Blavatsky was one, and also at one time an avowed Spiritualist.

Mrs. T., poor thing! What will she do about it? Oh, my! And strange to tell, Mr. L., a clairvoyant who sat in front of the speaker, saw a robed and rotund Catholic spirit priest standing by her side. This vision let the cat out and pointed to the Theosophical speaker as the catspaw to pull the Jesuitical chestnuts out of the Spiritualist fire. Little matter what Jesuitical Theosophy might gain, it was all important that Spiritualism should be the loser. A medium (Bliven) told me that Theosophy was naught but a Jesuit artifice and subterfuge.

Look at an item or two as specimens of Theosophic logic and teaching. From the "Voice of Silence": "Having become indifferent to objects of perception, the pupil must seek out the rajah of the sense (Thought Producer), he who awakes illusion. The mind is the great slayer of the real. Let the disciple slay the slayer."

What can this be but dementia preceding intellectual suicide? To my mind the fit comment on this lesson is, that it evinces a darkness so black that a bit of charcoal will make a white mark on it. And this from the "Secret Doctrine": "The Eternal Parent wrapped in her ever invisible robes, had slumbered once again for seven eternities."—Vol. 1, page 27.

Question: When does one eternity end so another can begin? This eclipses Sophocles who died a materialist. He slept 900 years before waking to the reality of the situation. So he says.

With the Stockton Theosophical Society, though the majority of its members are Spiritualists, all questions touching that subject are ruled out. They were quite ready to expel a member for his tameness in trying to debate such a question.

No. They claim to have gotten above Spiritualism. They are always ready to discuss the recuperate karma of Blavatsky's "seven eternities." To learn how the regenerated soul exalted sphere of Theodanology.

A. S. HUDSON, M. D.

Stockton, Cal.

Happy Hell!

St. George Wivart, a scientist, but above all a Roman Catholic, has an article in one of the English reviews, in which he says:

"Hell, in its widest sense—namely, as including all those blameless souls who do not enjoy that [beatific] vision—must be considered as for them an abode of happiness transcending all our most vivid anticipations, so that man's natural capacity for happiness is there gratified to the very utmost; nor is it even possible for the Catholic theologians of the most severe and rigid school to deny that, though considered, there is, and there will be for all eternity, a real and true happiness in hell."

Not so very many years ago we remember to have read a brochure by an eminent and saintly "father" in the priestly ranks of that same old Romish church, in which the reverend gentleman "let himself out" in a most saintly way to delineate with all a word-painter's loving art the terrible realities of hell, as conceived by a devout Catholic's study of Catholic theology. The terrible scenes of descriptive realism portrayed by the good "father" for the delectation of the faithful and the admonition of the "wicked," were something too vivid and heart-rending even to read. Little children were pictured as standing on a red-hot gridle, surrounded by fierce but ever-consummating flames—and other unique and equally awful phases of torment for other grades and classes of the "wicked" were described with the minuteness and realistic force of one who had beheld and had actual ocular knowledge of the facts which he gloatingly wrote and published to the world.

It was a terrible tract, published and sent forth by a Romish priest as the veritable truth of God, by which the world was to be warned of the consequences of sin and of unfaithfulness to the "Holy Mother Church."

But a change seems to have come over the spirit of the dreams of the church—if we may safely judge by Mr. Wivart's essay. Hell is no longer an abode of endless misery and that alone as it has so long been depicted by orthodox Catholic and Protestant alike; indeed the climate and character of that domain has so changed and softened that the inhabitants of Sheol, Hades and the other municipalities and provinces of that extensive country may now even be happy—yes, extremely happy, enjoying "a real and true happiness in hell!"

Verily "the world do move," and the churches "do move"—and more than all, hell itself "do move!" and as long as all these, the most immovable of all things, keep moving, there is hope for all mankind. Spiritualism is the lever and the motive power by which the most immobile religious world will be kept moving.

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Gora L. V. Richmond.

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PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Lady Melville read these paragraphs, then folded the papers very carefully and put them out of sight.

"Why add to her anxiety now that the danger is passed? God be praised! His life is spared—to the nation; to his wife and child; to us all."

And Lady Melville most fervently did give thanks and praise at her evening devotions for the precious life so wonderfully saved, and for the joy that was coming to Zelda.

CHAPTER IX.

The Meeting and Parting.

"So near is joy to sorrow,
Both bring us nearer heaven."

MELVILLE MANOR.

From Southampton whirled a midnight special train to London, stopping for the nonce at—

"An unnecessary long delay," thought those passengers who were sufficiently awake to think at all.

A "government special" was this train, and the enlightened guard knew that it bore the Earl of Montrose and his suite to—where, for reasons of his own, he wished to stop instead of proceeding to London, where everyone else was going.

And there, as though it were near the station at his own home, was Lady Melville's carriage, with coachman and footman in livery, waiting to convey him to the Manor.

For days almost without number had one of Lady Melville's carriages stood, or slowly passed back and forth near the station at—, and days almost without number had the porters and station agents wondered for whom the carriage always waited; but no one was bold enough to question so important a personage as Fairfield, the coachman, or so "smart" and pert a young man as Wisp, the footman. And even when a second coachman and footman with another carriage or landau, wagonette or brougham came to relieve the first, no one said "Lady Melville must expect some one of note," but they thought it, and they talked of it all the country around, until tradespeople, farmers, mechanics and gentlemen, returning from or going to London, wondered who it could be for whom Lady Melville's carriage was ever in waiting.

Two wealthy, but, of course, business men, were overheard saying:

"Hi! venture to say Lady Melville expects some of those 'cathin gentry' she is so partial to. They do say her daughter married a black man."

"No, not exactly," said the other, "but one of the 'Indoos.' Owever, Lady Melville does no hend of good deeds, and his as good a Christian lady as there is in hall Hengland."

Another pair of gossipers were two maid servants in a pretentious modern house near the station:

"They do say as 'ow Lady Melville's lovely daughter married a cannibal."

"Hush! don't breathe such nonsense hagain, Ellen, for the mistress would never forgive you; she dotes hon Lady Melville. I 'ave 'eard that Lady Margaret married a Rayjo, or something like that, and that 'e was a prince or king," said Annie.

"Hi! do wonder why she keeps Fairfield and the Whisp bout there all the time? They'll grow to the landoo yet."

And while all the curious dames and their daughters, all the servants and tradespeople, all the busy throng that passed the station night and morning slept, Armand quietly arrived, and was driven to Melville Manor, while a second conveyance bore his attendants and such of his belongings as he had reserved for immediate use. Hiejob alone accompanied his master.

Not one word was spoken by Armand during all that ten miles. Not one word did Hiejob speak, for he saw his master was deeply moved.

Believe it or not, ye who have never loved as did Armand, or have never been parted from your beloved, but all ye lovers bear testimony the world over, that last ten miles was the longest, the most interminable, the most unbearable of all the long, long journey from India.

He knew the Manor walls; he knew the hedges and the chestnuts (bare and brown); he knew the close and the preserves; he knew the gateway and the approach to the mansion; he knew the portico and steps; the light in the hall, the same faithful porter, and waiting for him in the hall was Lady Melville.

But Armand could not move. For once his great courage failed, and for the first time in his life Hiejob thought his master was about to faint.

"My master, we have arrived. Will my lord alight?"

And Armand, aroused, sprang out of the carriage, was tenderly embraced by Lady Melville, who only paused to say: "The Earl of Montrose is as welcome as my own son."

She led him to the stairway; she took his arm gently; she showed him to the hall and ante-room that connected with Zelda's suite of rooms; she whispered:

"Zelda rarely sleeps; you will best understand how not to surprise her too suddenly."

Armand reverently bowed his head, and touched Lady Melville's forehead with his lips, and whispered:

"The Great Giver be praised for this moment."

Lady Melville left him there at the door of paradise.

FROM HERE TO HED.

Armand had actually been at the Manor two weeks, and had no more thought of time than if he were in eternity. He had sent his portfolio, with an announcement of his arrival, by his secretary on the night of his arrival in England, with a letter conveying his dutiful and loyal respects to her majesty's Secretary of Foreign Affairs, with a promise to attend upon his excellency as soon as possible. When would it be possible?

The strong man who had faced all the dangers of the deep; who had passed all the perils of India, from coast to coast; who had been marvelously saved from the assassin's blade, felt that he could not again be parted from Zelda, even for a day.

Lady Melville was more than kind. Armand and Zelda breakfasted together in the parlor of their suite. At lunch they met Lady Melville. Tea was served at four, usually in the library; but served it was, and must be, wherever the people were at the time. At six they dined, and then Lady Melville expected them to be ready in comparatively dinner dress. There were no guests—no formality.

"I know, my dear children, you must be alone for a time. Do not mind me; I enjoy your happiness in being together, and no one shall be invited here until you speak the word that breaks your seclusion."

"The word will never be spoken," said Armand, "although we find Lady Melville most kind."

"How well I remember you," she said to Armand, "when you came to our house in Bombay a mere lad. The late Earl of Montrose had consented to dine with us on Christmas day—a day more sacred to us there, as you can understand, and you, my lord, were so fine, and conversed so well, that I forgot to talk with the other company, and chatted with you all the evening."

"And I remember it well, my lady, for there I saw your daughter, my Zelda's mother, and also my Zelda's noble father, Rajshatti Boe."

Turning to Zelda, Lady Melville said, fondly: "Happiness is a great beautifier, my dear. I dare not tell you how changed you are since the arrival of your husband. If married people were all so happy there would be fewer bachelors in London."

"If husbands were all such lovers there would not be many spinsters in the kingdom; I read that there are many," said Zelda, looking adoringly at Armand.

"If wives were all so lovely, and grandames all so loving, the world would not contain a monastery or a recluse," said Armand, laughing at their mutual compliments, all spoken so sincerely.

Armand and Zelda wandered together through the old house—a house that Zelda had considered desolate but for Lady Melville's tender care and loving presence.

They saw the trophies brought from India by Lord Melville—here a tiger-skin, there an elephant's tusk, in a choice cabinet rare gems and various sacred relics. They saw the few ancestral portraits, and one or two choice bits of statuary, the conservatory and gardens. All seemed changed to Zelda, and she exclaimed:

"See, my Armand, already the grass renews its growth, and there are swelling buds upon the trees, and I heard a songbird to-day, because my love is here."

They talked much, but mostly was Zelda silent in her greatest joy, and Armand knew a greater depth of joy had come to them since their separation, "a joy tempered and chastened by trial." This was what Lady Melville had said, and they knew it was true.

THE BABE ZULIEKA.

Never was a babe more carefully watched and tended; never more loved—almost adored; never were budding beauties more noted, from delicate, tapering finger-tips to gold-brown hair and sunny brown eyes; from dimpled cheeks and rosebud mouth, with four little, pearly teeth, to dainty, rose-tinted feet.

"If the rosy child-divinity named Love had been a goddess instead of a god, wouldn't this have been a suitable form?" said Zelda, as she held in her extended arms the rosy, laughing babe Zulieka, warm and glowing from her bath, while the ayah, solicitous lest the darling take a cold, held out the soft, downy wrap, and enfolded the infant in its warmth, who had already held out her arms to go to Armand.

"The goddess of love she surely is," said Armand, taking her in his arms after she had been duly protected from the atmosphere. "And if being much loved ever spoils children, or makes them selfish, as I have heard wise dames say, our babe will surely be spoiled."

"No one was ever spoiled by too much love," replied Zelda, refuting the statement with as much spirit as if Armand had advanced it as a serious proposition in the ethics of properly rearing young children.

"No one could be loved too much, and as for our 'lovely Zulieka, she surely had the wisdom to be born right, and, therefore, cannot be spoiled."

Armand laughed heartily at this vigorous sally from Zelda, and drew her gently upon his knee, while he held the babe on the other, and drew them both near his heart as he said:

"We shall put all the wisdom of this wisely-born babe and her ever-wise mamma to the test, for loved they will be to the uttermost of love's command. But, my Zelda, are you not in danger of overthrowing the discipline of the ancient law held sacred in Christendom, although of Hebrew origin, 'spare the rod and spoil the child?' and the merry twinkle in Armand's eyes was veiled by the drooping of the lashes as he fondly gazed at the babe who had fallen asleep close to his heart.

"The rod!" said Zelda; "if anyone in human form could touch my babe (or any young child) with a rod, or raise a hand in violence, that person I would name a monster," and she threw her arms around Armand and the babe as if to emphasize the opposite system of ethics then and there, although she was in imminent danger of waking the babe.

"And you will write a tract dealing on the value of love in rearing children, and distribute it as a missionary work in this Christian land?" said Armand in loving banter, and motioning the ayah to take the babe.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven," said Zelda, the laughter all gone, and a gaze of deep tenderness and love following the babe the ayah bore her away in rosy sleep to her rose-tinted and rose-canopied hammock.

HIEJOB'S 'PRINCESS.'

If Zelda and Armand loved their babe with the perfect parental love born of their perfect union, if the ayah loved the babe as only a simple, loving, and lonely heart can love some rare, bright being entrusted to its care, then what shall we name that divine and all-pervading fire that held Hiejob forever to the beautiful babe, and made him her worshiper, her voluntary slave?

He had always been faithful and devoted to Armand, warning, aiding, protecting and twice saving him from the assassin's knife; he had loved and served Zelda from her infancy, amusing her and watching over her in her childhood; entertaining her and prophesying for her in her girlhood; attending upon and warning her of danger her whole life through; serving her in every way possible—and his ways were so manifold that they could not be named—but his devotion to Zelda was as twilight to the day compared to his worship at the shrine of Zulieka.

Since the morning after the arrival of Armand, when Hiejob first saw the babe after so long an absence, until the morning which is now being recorded, one month after their arrival, Hiejob had never been absent from the sight of the babe, or hearing of her baby voice, except when absolutely necessary to fulfill some mission for his master or mistress, or attend to some duty. Nothing was neglected because of her, but nowhere else did he pass any time.

Zelda did not discourage this devotion, nor seek to divert it; Armand had faith in Hiejob and all his methods, and the ayah was only too glad of Hiejob's presence, for while he amused the babe he talked to her of her native land in the tongue she most loved, and told her tales and legends without number.

Lady Melville alone was troubled. She marveled greatly concerning the position of Hiejob in the household of her beloved "children," as she fondly named Armand and Zelda. At first she thought Hiejob was Armand's valet, so close was he to his master's person; then she thought him a trusted servant or possibly an attaché of Zelda's family. She was amazed at his many accomplishments, at his gifts and abilities. His peculiar deformity—which now was modified to smallness of figure and shortness of stature—did not disturb her, but excited her pity and benevolence. But she discovered something weird and strange in his appearance, especially his eyes.

She had thought it a pity that the babe was more fond of the Indian woman, the ayah, than of the English maid; but when she saw the infatuation of Hiejob for the babe, and that Zulieka would leave all others (excepting Zelda) and go to him, Lady Melville thought him almost a witch or sorcerer, and had pious doubts about the welfare of her great granddaughter.

"I will speak to dear Zelda concerning it. She surely cannot have given the matter serious thought," Lady Melville mentally resolved. But she did not, and now it was the day of their departure.

Hiejob was dancing about, as was his wont—darting hither and thither, attending to his master's wishes and needs; waiting upon Zelda; making everything ready, omitting nothing, but ever returning to where his "princess," enthroned in a huge arm-chair upon a mass of pillows, was waiting, arrayed in her soft robe and downy wrap and hood.

He amused her; never let her feel alone, yet attended to all the things expected of him.

"How very extraordinary is this little being. He manages to entertain the babe, make everything ready, and do a hundred things at a time," thought Lady Melville, as she passed him.

Tears were in her eyes because of the departure of her darlings. How could she give them up now and return to her quiet life—a life with which she was well content until these bright beings came and made her know how much she could love them?

She was about to pass to Zelda's room, when Hiejob addressed her in the choicest English, with only a slight accent, that made the speech more perfect:

"My Lady Melville does not know the little, dark Hiejob; he will not harm the 'Princess' Zulieka; he will serve her, and give his life for her if necessary. My Lady Melville will have a great shock, a great danger, from which she shall escape, and go to those who love her."

For a moment Lady Melville looked in amazement at Hiejob, as he proceeded with his duties and his amusement of Zulieka. Then, instead of going to Zelda she turned and slowly retraced her footsteps to her own room.

THE PARTING.

To Lady Melville it was a grief that for many and many a day left her lonely and sad.

To the butler and the maids, to the coachman and the groom, it was the one great event of their lives that the Earl of Montrose and the beautiful Lady Zelda and the babe, and the secretary and the servants, had been guests at Melville Manor, and were now going away, in broad daylight, so that all the people could see and admire them, for the butler was sure so fair a lady, and so queenly, had never been seen in the county.

"And to think the people have said that our Lady Zelda was a black woman, and the Earl of Montrose a heathen," said the maid of Lady Melville.

Three carriages, with the finest equipment at Lady Melville's command, with coachmen and footmen in best livery, conveyed the Earl of Montrose and his suite to the station.

The day was fine, and Lady Melville overcame her grief and accompanied them to the station.

The landau in which she requested Armand and Zelda to be seated was thrown open, and, notwithstanding Armand's protestations, she insisted on sitting with her back to the horses.

"I want to see you both while we are driving to the station—both sitting together. And now, my dears, promise me again that you will come to me soon for a long, long visit."

"Or, dear mamma, you will come to us for a long, long visit," said Zelda, in her sweetest voice.

"We shall need you at London and at Montrose Castle, my dear Lady Melville," said Armand, "and you will not fail to make us more happy by your presence. I can never repay your kindness to us—to Zelda, here without me; to the babe; to me. May I also call you mother?"

Lady Melville would have embraced him were they not upon the highway. As it was, she extended her hand and clasped that of Armand's most cordially, and said, with great fervor:

"Already my heart has named you my son. I am more than honored; I am too happy in the love of two such precious children."

And Lady Melville, loving them so deeply, never spoke about Hiejob; she even thought of him in a different light. Was it awe?

FROM HED TO LEAF.

The dark-green of the holly in the hedge-rows was now brightened by the young hawthorne leaves. The fragrant bulbs were abloom along the borders of the garden, and the odors of violets and other early spring flowers floated to them as they passed.

Tender leaves were bursting half coyly from their protecting sheaths, and the sombre tints of the landscape were brightened by the tender hue of spring.

Songbirds, such as Zelda had not heard, warbled among the hedges or upon the boughs of the near trees, while a thrush perched on the topmost branch of a stately lime-tree poured forth so joyful a strain that Zelda exclaimed, with delight:

"That springtime that I have read of in books is here. I know know what the 'sweet springtime' means. But it is all like a dream of spring—baby leaves and sleeping flowers. Armand, it is like Zulieka."

"Or like young love, ere it is aware, and waits half in doubt, half in fear. Still, my Zelda, my love, our love was always, from the first, a full, glad song—a glad, bright morning."

These sentences were spoken softly, and Lady Melville did not hear, and did not wish to interrupt their loving talk.

Lady Melville saw, but did not condescend to notice by gesture or word, that at almost every window in every house or habitation along the way were faces—servants at their windows, maidens and matrons at theirs, looking at the splendid carriages as they rolled by, and that from every carriage they met heads were thrust for the occupants to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Lady Zelda and the noble Earl of Montrose, and that a large crowd of people from the surrounding country and the little towns had assembled at the station as were there when the Prince came down from London to lay the corner-stones of the new Town Hall, and she saw their looks of surprise and admiration as Zelda, leaning upon the arm of her noble Earl, passed to the train—to the special coach reserved for their use, and were whirled away.

Lady Melville was satisfied. She had little foolish pride, but she had long known the gossip of the ignorant concerning the marriage of Margaret to the noble Parsee; she had known that her own servants had shared somewhat in that ignorant babble, but when she also heard that some of the gentry and people of her own rank had added to the gossip, she felt it quite keenly. And now, when her daughter's child had come to her from India, the wife of one of the most honored men in all the land, and now the Earl of Montrose had been her guest for one month—the earl who was one of the most praised, one of the most lauded, of all the men in the kingdom; a name untarnished; a title almost next to royalty; a record brilliant and marvelous; an ambassador who wrought wonders; a person as handsome as she had ever seen, and, best of all, a devoted husband to her daughter's child—her beautiful, queenly, gentle, loving granddaughter, Zelda!

Now Lady Melville was satisfied—seeing, noting all the effect of this departure, and knowing that not one particular concerning her honored and beautiful guests that could be gleaned from maid or butler or coachman that would not be repeated from mouth to mouth, with the added zest of true English repentance where a wrong had been done: Lady Melville was satisfied.

And the people, ever loyal to their traditions and instincts, their love of justice and their love of rank, looked upon Lady Melville from that time forward as not only the patron saint of all the charities, the benefactress of all the poor, the leader of all the benevolent enterprises, but the Queen of the County.

Never again in all the county did maid or matron, village rector or squire, tradesman or what-not breathe one word except of the uttermost reverence and respect for Lady Melville.

The wildest rumors were adroit of the great beauty and wealth of the Countess of Montrose, of the great possessions and name of the Earl of Montrose, all of which, as is frequently not the case in story-books, were "founded on facts."

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII.

Three of Silence, otherwise called Dokhma: The Parsees place their dead within this tower. When the natural scavengers, the vultures, destroy the flesh, the bones are retained behind gratings, and are afterwards disposed of.

This has been characterized as a terrible custom, but is less offensive than Jewish funeral pyres or corrupting ceremonies.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mystical Numbers, Especially the Number Twelve

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE

BY AN ANCIENT SAVANT.

Given Through the Organism of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.
(CONTINUED.)

Take, for instance, any truth like love—you may not comprehend it in its completeness, but if you subdivide it into charity, benevolence, friendship, kindness, you will find it more easy of comprehension. There may be three or four or twelve divisions of such a theme, and you the more readily approach the full comprehension of the whole.

But who that has endowment of such love as Christ's, such love as the mother's, needs any charity, or any benevolence, friendship, or any kindness to express that love, since love is omnipotent and adequate to all expression? The same is true of that which men worship in Deity. It is because the divine spirit is not felt that subdivisions are looked for. It is because the oneness is not understood that you desire to know fragments.

The completeness of life is measured by its fullness—that it is a circle, not a segment, not a fraction. You are angular because only a portion of that life is yours; not having it, you are not responsible for not expressing it; but when once the full measure of truth, or knowledge, or wisdom, or love is yours, you do not need that these shall be broken into fragments, or divided, for your comprehension.

You break the bread of life to your children as Christ broke the bread of life to his followers, because they cannot comprehend the whole—because they cannot receive the whole. But the ultimate truth is that which men pursue, seek and are baffled, desire and are overthrown in the struggle; because, not that the ultimate truth is not there, but that they have not the capacity.

When the complete capacity is known, when you have vanquished everything in yourself that stands between you and the truth—lo, it has been waiting for you all the time, as the sun waited to be recognized as the center of the system, as the stars waited to be placed in their proper orbits by the comprehension of man, as everything in nature waited in its own place, and the recognition was yours, the life being there all the time; as spiritual spheres and circles are there waiting, not idly, but full of activity and promise, for your recognition; as the twelve angels wait by the gateway of life to usher in each new experience that shall give birth to your souls, or awakening the divine comprehension of truth, each angel bearing the torch of life as the hours are said to bear the light of the day, or as in the ancient mythology, Aurora herself is lighted on her pathway by the accompanying angels of the hours of light, or as Night is lighted in her course by the accompanying hours of darkness.

All mythology is some thought consecrated to truth, and teaches the human mind that that which baffles your comprehension and evades your grasp is not impossible nor improbable nor unusual, only that you have not arrived; you have not awakened; you do not behold; you shall not see the stars in their perfect glory till you gaze through the lens that brings them to your vision, nor can you behold the atom but approximately; nor can you measure any substance in its own original or absolute state, but only as it is unfolded to your coarser vision or denser comprehension.

So truth comes to you by these various stages. You receive it in groupings, in sections, in fragments; you do not grasp the whole. Only the angels are complete; only those who are divine understand the measure of this being; but that you may become divine, that the measure of life's experience will be fulfilled, that all of human temptation and sorrow will lead you, as stepping-stones, to the divine accord, we well believe; and then you will behold the twelve angels that guard the gateways of life, and of that other life named death; you will see by your firesides and homes the magical power of those who, exalting the light of immortality, also in your own lives, your comprehension the wonders of the past and the prophecy of the future.

I saw the light of planets in each place
Gleaming as a gem upon the crown of life,
And yet with varying power and varied grace
Methought the planets were worlds of strife,
Of care and turmoil, as through space
They sped, some planets lying dead;

For on the earth, in the full tide of life,
Humanity grows strong and war is fierce,
For ambition supplants the power of human life,
And through the vast concourse of trembling years
Streams of human gore must flow
That flowers of spring may blow.

But no bright stars seemed blotted out of heaven,
And unto space no discord ever seemed given;
But at the last a trembling, potent spell
Revealed the method for each star full well,

As by its growth and slow degrees
It rises till at last each place is won,
And all the vast interstices
Are filled with the splendours of some central sun.

And then I knew that men, as stars, shall grow;
That out of chaos their souls are wrought
Unto angels' state, by each potential glow
With which the suns and worlds in heaven are fraught.

And then I knew that angels shine in heaven
As suns shine upon the far-extending space,
Until each heart is with that baptism moved and riven,
And at the last, with its appointed grace,
Each soul shines in the heaven of heavens above,
Potent in life as God is love.

Spiritual Experiences.

Formerly the theologians stood with Bible in one hand and condemnation in the other to drive back any unfortunate ghost that might be wandering on the midnight air or haunting the places of its former commission of crime for the opportunity to relieve its mind of some burden. Formerly those who were subject to spiritual control and power were met at the very outset with His Satanic Majesty whom they believed was there armed *cap-a-pie* ready indeed to destroy them. To-day it is not so. You meet your friends face to face; by the side of your hearthstones and at your firesides you hold familiar counsel and conversation with the dear departed, and even the unfortunate were dear; shall they have no place by the fireside? The son wandered out upon the desert of life into all the wildernesses of crime, finds the mother ready to receive him on his return, at never so late an hour; finds the light in her room burning; finds the light in her soul ready to receive him. What right have you to close the door against an unfortunate spirit? Who upon earth having the love of mother or friend would say to the child that had died in delirium, or the child that had perished on the scaffold: "I will receive my good and sainted spirit-child from heaven, but not this one!" Is there a mother who would say this? Then she is in a more pitiable condition than he.

I have not seen any spirit to frighten me. I have not seen any evil-disposed person hovering around your firesides or hearthstones to destroy you. I have seen those who were ignorant because they came from earthly life ignorant. I have seen those whose lives have been perverted. (Who have led perfect lives?) I have seen those who have been immured and steeped in crime, degradation and folly, but I have never seen those whom I could fear. In all the terror of his ravings the drunkard is amenable to the strong will and kindly voice. In physical delirium and madness the strength and power in love has been known to work wonders, while violence has produced violence. In spiritual existence I have seen these agonized mortals come hurriedly out of physical life with the pains and penalties of violated physical law still rankling in their spirits, still quivering and vibrating in the nerves of the soul. I have seen them, but they were not demons of terror; I have seen them, but they were not avenging murderers.—John Pierpont's Experiences through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1893.

Spontaneous Phenomena.

The best and most satisfactory evidences of spiritual interposition in the affairs of mankind are not always obtained in the seance room. Many come to us unsought and wholly unexpected. They generally emphasize some great emergency in the life of the individual to whom they are made manifest. Death rarely invades a home circle to which no kindly warning is given. Misfortune seldom comes without a revelation of gathering shadows, and great changes are heralded long in advance, the admonition of which may at the time be unheeded. Reunions with loved ones absent, and far distant, are made known by those who guard our lives more closely than any earthly friend.

The means employed to communicate the foregoing are as varied as are the experiences of human life. To one it comes by the presence of some strange apparition. To another it is revealed in the mystical land of dreams. To still another by strange sounds in the home—stead not mortal hand or power could produce. Thus by an almost endless variety of ways and means are we touched with psychic experience. We are thereby made conscious of the fact that myriads of beings walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep.

The accumulation of all this evidence in a single century of man's history would fill volumes too numerous to read. Yet it is an important part of our spiritual experience and as such should find expression.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER fully appreciates this class of phenomena and desires to aid in placing all important and well authenticated facts before its readers. To this end we invite our friends and correspondents to send us such facts as are and can be fully authenticated. Our columns are crowded from week to week, hence in writing or sending clippings do not forget to "bold down" your articles. Facts always speak for themselves—they need no theories or long dissertation. Every reader of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* is competent to appreciate and interpret the value of facts. Give us your dreams, visions, forewarnings, apparitions, and we will attend to the rest. Our aim is to make *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* the broadest and the best, and every name you can add to our subscription list helps to increase its power and widen its influence.

Liable to Be Overlooked.

"With the heresy hunters all chasing heretics there is some danger that the original sinners and the wicked not yet beyond redemption may be overlooked. Even if it be well to preserve the records intact, the great work of saving souls should not be forgotten in the meantime."

The above, from the *New York Press*, is a very witty and impressive truth. The principle ministers of the gospel connected with the various orthodox churches are so busy hunting for infractions of their creed that they are inclined to overlook many kinds of charitable work. They undoubtedly feel that the redemption of humanity from sin and vice rests exclusively on creed, whereas it rests only on good deeds. When will the people so advance that they can realize this sublime fact that a creed is no pathway to heaven? The only way to finally reach that locality is to do good and be good.

Rule or Rule.

It is reported that at the American Sabbath Union, lately held in this city, a clergyman said:

"Cholera may come and visit us next year. Let it come! It will at least be better than a World's Fair open on Sunday. None but the disreputable desire the Fair to be opened on the first day of the week, and none but the depraved will visit it if it is open on that day."

Can bigotry go farther? Pestilence, with all its untold horrors, ruin, desolation and death everywhere, preferable to an educational Sabbath; and this language employed in a great convention of Christians, and none to rebuke the speaker! Can insanity give credence to more loathsome sentiments?

Commendatory Notices.

We have published from time to time many commendatory notices. We do so because they apply to our contributors, whose articles make the paper what it is, and who are mostly entitled to the words of praise and recognition given. The editor accepts but a very small portion of the meed of praise sent forth. It is gratifying to him to know that his contributors, who in a very great measure make the paper what it is, are receiving such recognition from their readers. They have reason to feel proud. We congratulate them.

Steadily Improving.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am much interested of late in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*. It is steadily improving in subject matter and literary excellence; while your fraternal spirit toward different shades of thought makes your paper a welcome guest in the great majority of households. E. WHIPPLE.

The above is from one of the advanced thinkers of the Pacific coast. Mr. Whipple is a critical thinker, and his knowledge of things generally, vast and comprehensive. Many of the older spiritualists will remember him as a prominent lecturer on the spiritualistic rostrum. He is now engaged in business in California and has in contemplation a work on an important scientific subject. If he publishes it, we venture to say it will make a stir in the world.

A Worker in Michigan.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualists may well congratulate themselves for the privilege of reading the many excellent letters you are giving them almost weekly. May the prosperity of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* continue.

MRS. A. E. SHEETS.

We are truly glad that our paper is of such tone and character as to win the respect and appreciation of such able and efficient lecturers as our esteemed friend, Mrs. A. E. Sheets. Words of commendation from such nerve us for our arduous work and strengthen us to achieve even greater success.

The Best Thing Out.

TO THE EDITOR:—We organized the first Sunday in October and are now known as The Jackson Society of Progressive Spiritualists. Our main speakers are the well-known mediums, Mrs. Julia M. Walton and Mrs. Virginia Rowe. We had with us during the month of December the great orator, Warren Smith, of Nashville, Tenn., and, to use popular slang phrase, he is simply "immense." We have a large attendance, and are increasing in membership every week. I should like to see *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* in the hands of every intelligent person. It is certainly the best thing out! as a Spiritualistic organ. I would not be without it for five times its price.

MRS. A. E. N. RICH.

Jackson, Mich.

There is no doubt that our paper in the hands of "every intelligent person" would tend at least to make every such person still more intelligent. Few, if any, who have had the opportunity to examine and compare the relative merits of Spiritual journals in general, will doubt that this is the best, and, quantity and quality considered, the cheapest of all.

Three Objects.

TO THE EDITOR:—Three objects I keep constantly in view, namely:

1. The time for which I subscribed for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* has nearly expired, and I wish to keep well in advance.
2. There is scarcely a word contained on its pages that I do not read before I lay it away for future reference.
3. The pure and noble principles it teaches of a better and higher life, and its fearless denunciation of papal supremacy in the United States, makes it desirable. With all these facts before us, *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* stands today without a rival in the history of the press.

As such I greet it as one of my heart's dearest treasures.

HENRY HERMAN.

Our friend is evidently one of those wide-awake Spiritualists who do not mean to permit their subscriptions to expire—feeling that they cannot afford to miss a single number of the paper. They have an appreciative perception of its value as a spiritual teacher and an exponent of Spiritualism, its principles and philosophy. And they are awake to the important matter concerning which so many are asleep or foolishly indifferent, the aims and animus of the Romish church in this country, as in all other countries. Under all her pretenses and under all her disguises, the Romish church is in her heart and in her head the deadly enemy of civil and religious liberty—the freedom of the people to rule themselves, and to think for themselves in all matters, both civil and religious. Spiritually, civilly and religiously, Rome is the enemy of mankind; the sneaking, secret, slimy, serpentine, treacherous foe to human rights, human freedom and human progress.

A Suggestion from Pittsburg.

TO THE EDITOR:—I will venture to say that *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* is the best of all Spiritualist papers; it is a paper that should be read by all Spiritualists, and when it is read thoroughly, it should be passed to some friend who is not as yet a subscriber. It is the medium through which the facts of Spiritualism are thoroughly explained.

J. C. E. MARKER.

Friend Marker has the unselfish idea, to benefit others as well as himself, through the medium of his subscription. There is no better way to sow the seeds of spiritual light and truth, than by sowing *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* among your friends. Many a person would become interested in and converted to Spiritualism by this means.



POPE LEO ANALYZED.

The Heaven of the Catholic Church.

In our last week's issue we gave an elaborate presentation of the status of Pope Leo, and also analyzed him from various points of view. It is certainly a disgrace to this, the 19th century, that such a monstrosity should preside over the destinies of so many people and have such a controlling influence in governmental affairs. With such an incubus in the world continually overriding the wishes of the people, distorting their growth in every conceivable way, how can it be expected that humanity will advance to a higher plane? The people generally are anxious for the truth, but when some one stands over them with a club, as it were, and suppresses every liberal emotion in their souls, they are held in thralldom and cannot escape therefrom.

It is indeed a pitiable sight to witness such a monstrosity as Pope Leo controlling millions of people. From whatever point of view he can be examined, you can find nothing that has a tendency to aid in advancing the world. A monstrosity here, what will be in the spirit-realms? Will he not be equally a monstrosity there? What will be his first condition as he advances to the spiritual realms? He will, of course, as we have said before, be met by the iron-clad popes and cardinals of former ages, and be warmly greeted. He will find himself deprived of all the splendor and magnificence of an earthly potentate, and his influence over the material side of life very limited indeed. He will find himself exceedingly small, and in a heaven, which the Catholics themselves have prepared for him, and which, of course, is "artificial" in many respects—nothing like the heaven of the one who has been engaged in promulgating the truth, and in doing a philanthropic work. That the Catholics congregate together in spirit-life, and there form their batteries for the purpose of carrying on their nefarious work, there can be no doubt; that they are allowed to do this unless, on rare occasions, thwarted by the action of wise spirits, is well known. Their aim on the spirit side of life being selfish, and the teachings imparted to those who are impressionable wholly erroneous, their heaven must, of course, be devoid of that beauty which characterizes the heaven of that soul who has been doing good to humanity generally, regardless of all creed or dogmas of faith. That the heaven of the Catholic is a real one there can be no doubt; but from the very nature of its influence, it would be a hell to every advanced thinker or Spiritualist. There may be many gaudy ornaments connected with it, but it is so overshadowed with the errors and superstitions of its inmates that it would stifle any truly advanced Spiritualist. Pope Leo on the spirit side of life will have, no doubt, many additional honors conferred upon him from a Catholic standpoint; but those honors will be of no value whatever, and will only prove an obstacle to his progression. Surrounded as he will be by spirits in unison with him, they will all look downward instead of upward. To advance to a higher plane, they would lose their little temporal authority and the tinsel and false glory that surrounds them. Confined to their present plane they can indulge in a little brief authority and still exert their influence to hold the people of earth in thralldom.

When Pope Leo passes to the spirit side of life, he will find himself in no wise changed, so far as his well-formed purposes are concerned. As he was aggressive on earth, that same spirit will continue to actuate him and will control all of his movements. The general tendency of his mind will be concentrated on self-aggrandizement, and in promoting the interest of the Catholic church in spirit-life, as well as on earth. He will be wholly blind to the transcendent beauties of a heaven where all creeds

are abolished, and where the dominating thoughts are simply directed to the elevation of mankind to a higher plane of life. He will be so surrounded by creed-bound spirits and his environments will be such that he will have no desire whatever to make any inquiries as to whether there is really any thing outside of the Roman Catholic church. Should a desire arise in his mind to determine the condition of affairs exterior to the supremacy of the Catholic heaven, it will generally be suppressed by those who are spiritually blind, as it were, and who wish to continue in that deplorable condition. There are millions upon millions of Catholic spirits who are totally blind to everything outside of their own environments, and who have no desire to ascend beyond them.

Pope Leo as a spirit will, of course, be the center of attraction, having just advanced from the earthly realms, and he will be consulted as to the best method to prolong in power the Catholic church. The same spirit that dominates in him here, will find full expression there, and it will continue to exist as a controlling influence.

There is only one potent way to completely change the characteristics of the Catholic heaven; only one efficacious method through the instrumentalities of which its debasing influence can be wholly neutralized. So long as the denizens of the Catholic heaven are attracted to earth by the millions of adherents to that church still in the form, just so long will their nefarious work be continued. By destroying Catholicism on earth you deprive the Catholic heaven of its principal work. Liberalize the world, destroy creeds, so teach the human mind that it can no longer be held in thralldom, and at that moment the Catholics on the spirit side of life will find themselves without plant tools. When such a consummation, so devoutly wished for, is attained, then only will Catholic spirits, when they return to earth, whether a pope, a cardinal, or a layman, find humanity's condition so improved that they will commence thinking as to whether there is not some method by which they can attain such growth themselves. The natural tendency of those in the Catholic heaven is toward the earth. Such being the case, they will get their first glimmer of light, probably, from the earth-side of life instead of from those in the higher realms. The iron-clad popes and cardinals on the spirit side of life have erected around themselves, to a great extent, a barrier to all exalting influence from a higher and more beneficent source. If such were not truly the case, the Catholic heaven would have been disintegrated a long time ago and its inmates advancing rapidly on the road to progression.

The heaven of the Catholic has been in existence ever since that religion was presented to humanity. Each additional spirit that accends to it has a tendency to intensify its infernal design. The Catholic heaven must, as a natural consequence, be in harmony with the various minds who compose it. Being bound in chains from which they cannot easily loosen themselves, this heaven grows more dense, as it were, with the unfounded theology of those who compose it. Time lends intensity to a belief that has existed throughout all the ages, and affords but little opportunity to reach the obdurate minds that are so badly encephalized. Pope Leo as a spirit will find himself surrounded by those who are united as one, and whose whole aim is to advance the church on the material side of life. While on earth he is held in abeyance by the strong hand of the law, and that he is compelled to respect. On the spirit side of life he will carry on his nefarious work wherever he has the opportunity to do so. But we will now leave the heaven of the Catholic and come down to this terrestrial sphere.

ROMANISM, SECULARISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

In spite of all the efforts of ecclesiastical and secular powers, an intelligent

gent comparison of the present with the past will demonstrate that the world is progressing away from the old regime of ecclesiasticism and churchly superiority of authority.

This fact is plainly shown in the recent events in the affairs of the Catholic church here in the United States.

To go back: During the Middle Ages the Pope was the most powerful potentate in Europe, above princes, kings and emperors; and his legates were sent whither he pleased, to put down or set up, as the ends of the church or hierarchy seemed to require, that end being, above all else, the subordination of civil to ecclesiastical authority. Today, though the old memories of the church are not forgotten, nor her old aims renounced, the church finds herself confronted with new conditions and surroundings; new foes have arisen, more powerful than kings and emperors; more difficult to contend with and overcome—in fact, they are unconquerable.

In all countries, the most Catholic as well as the others, there is and from the former ages has been growing a spirit of liberty that more and more tends to free minds from the thralldom of clerical dictation in matters of civil import—and this tends to loosen the hold of the church even in matters of religion.

There are to-day two immediately potent factors constantly tending to undermine and destroy Romanism—namely, Protestantism, and Liberalism or secularism, for these may be counted as synonymous.

Now, as between themselves, the different sects, Greek, Romish and Protestant, are each maintaining their proportionate numbers and relative strength.

As between the Catholic and the Protestant branch of Christendom—each is holding its own.

By virtue of its superiority in numbers throughout the world Rome outlives Protestantism, to the verge of danger to the latter.

But there is a new danger to Romanism, more potent and more difficult to meet than the piebald Protestantism of the world—and that new factor is secularism.

Secularism is indifferent to religion, that is in the churchly phrase—if people are religious, secularism is indifferent to that fact; it is to religious sectarianism when used as an enemy to secular institutions, civil liberty, and freedom of speech and thought, that secularism is the irreconcilable foe. It wants no church—Catholic, Greek, Protestant, or any other, to inject itself into secular affairs and undertake to run civil and political matters to the end and aim of strengthening or sustaining any religion or church whatsoever. No church shall dominate in matters of science, and declare what is or is not true in astronomy, in political economy, in ethics, in jurisprudence, or in politics, and command that this view shall be taught, and that shall not. In and within the limits of the churchly area, the church may teach such religious tenets as it may please, provided it does not please to teach what shall trench on the common secular field, nor threaten to endanger the secular institutions of the great commonality.

The secular idea is in full accord with Spiritualism, so far as it goes. Spiritualism is by many regarded as a religion accepting in full the secular idea. They would affirm that Spiritualism is secularism plus religion. With the churchly non-interference of secularism it quite agrees; but it has a religious cult of its own—but it does not seek to compel the people to bow to its church nor obey its behests in things secular in their nature.

Like secularism, Spiritualism stands for freedom of man, in thought, in government, in politics and in religion. Hence Spiritualism and secularism walk hand in hand, or stand shoulder to shoulder in the ranks in opposition to Romanism; they stand for a broad liberty, while Rome stands for mental, civil and religious slavery.

Spiritualism stands for a free, free public common school, a free press, free men; Rome stands for freedom, an enslave man—freedom to destroy true freedom. More than the combined forces of Protestantism, as registered in the churches and creeds, and the animus thereof, Spiritualism is to-day the force that Rome dreads. And well she may, for Spiritualism has as allies man's innate love of liberty, and is aligned with the trend of the age, which is in the direction of mental enlargement and moral and spiritual progression, under the guiding and interwoven influence of the higher powers of the Spirit-world.

Mediums and Materialization.

Desiring to present our readers with the views of one of the leading lights in Theosophy in reference to "Mediums and Materialization," we give this week an elaborate article from the pen of J. D. Buck, M. D., of Cincinnati, O. He is eminent as an author and physician, and although Spiritualists generally will disagree with him in many respects, they will be gratified to read the views which he presents, as only those are truly educated who know the opinions of different leading lights. Following Dr. Buck's article is one from A. S. Hudson, M. D., of Stockton, Cal. He is eminent as an advanced thinker, and his articles have often graced the columns of our paper.

Zulieka.

This story, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will prove of great value to every Spiritualist, and all advanced minds. Make some progressive friend a present of the paper for three months, and thus aid in the good work.

Jerry Simpson says that four years in Congress is enough for him, and by the way, it is likely that four years of Jerry will be enough for Congress.

Mr. Edward H. Payson, of Salem, Mass., has filled the position of cashier in one bank for sixty-seven years. He is 90 years old, and this week resigned his position.

Salvation—How to Obtain It.

What must we do to be saved? Saved from what? "From the wrath to come," has been the answer to this question from time immemorial; but times have changed and man has gained more knowledge of himself and a higher estimate of God. Fear was the first religious emotion of primitive man; but as ignorance gave way to knowledge, so love superseded fear. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Present truth attributes all the ills of human life to violation of the laws of our being and answers the question by saying: "Stop the violation."

The essence of true religion is love, the law that binds the human family to God and to one another. The violations of this law are the cause of all our miseries in both present and future life, and to be saved from these miseries we need not cry to God to save us, but save ourselves by obeying the law of love and discontinuing all transgressions of it.

After the powerful lecture by Dr. J. H. Mendenhall on the "Approaching Crisis," published in No. 104 of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, and which embraces most of these violations, from the slightest discourtesy or evil thought to the most gigantic legalized robbery by the combined powers of infernal selfishness, which makes the many the poverty-stricken and miserable slaves of the few, it is not our intention to summarize them.

It is no satisfaction to a spiritual-minded man to know that these autocratic tyrants must go away into outer darkness and suffer the consequences of their crimes notwithstanding their belief in the orthodox plan of salvation through the merits of a crucified savior. We are authorized, or rather obligated, by our returning spirit friends, even those who in this life were orthodox Christians, to tell everybody that they will have to answer for all the wrongs they did on earth.

The fullness of time—the crisis—is now come. The masses are becoming more intelligent and know their rights better. Economies are being studied as never before. Essayists are writing on the subject and the great magazines and periodicals are calling the attention of the best class of readers not only to the real condition of things but to the cause and the remedy. The cry of the working classes is heard throughout the world and cannot any longer be ignored.

Though Spiritualism is the specialty of *The Progressive Thinker*, it will occasionally give the benefit of its large circulation to every proposition, whether temporal or spiritual, that is for the elevation of humanity.

We take pleasure in calling attention to an excellent article in the January *Arena* under the head of "Are We a Prosperous People?" by the talented and thoughtful editor, B. O. Flower, Esq., who is always in the front rank of reformers. He advocates a change from the present money and the nationalization of our railroads and telegraphs, and the abolition of land speculation and indirect taxation, etc.

You ask what has all this to do with the salvation of the soul? We answer: We want both soul and body saved, and don't you see that we are advocating a true life as the only sure passport to heaven for both poor and rich; and besides, we do not want to wait till after death to be happy; we want a little of heaven on earth, which we can all get by good behavior.

The Popular Science Monthly.

As a scientific magazine, *The Popular Science Monthly* stands unrivaled. This country or Europe cannot boast of one that has superior merit. From the first page of each number to the last, it is filled with interesting and instructive articles containing suggestions invaluable to every reflective mind. It is liberal in its thought. As a scientific journal it seeks for the truth everywhere. If it conflicts with the views entertained by the various churches, that makes no difference to it; it does its whole duty as a scientific journal. The "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," by A. D. White, LL. D., are invaluable. Those chapters alone are worth more by far than the magazine costs. Mr. White has gone back into the misty past and has gathered an immense amount of data showing how the church in all ages has been the enemy of science and progress. His achievement in that direction have by far surpassed that of any other mind of the present age. With those "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," the student of free thought stands on an impregnable basis.

The *Popular Science Monthly* is growing in the hearts and minds of the people, and why should it not? It is the best paper in the cause in the West. It publishes the iron-clad truths of the beautiful philosophy of the immortality of the soul, and has become the Spiritualists' Bible. It reaches them regularly in weekly installments, and is anxiously looked for at the end of every week.

Thanks, Brother Dryer, for your words of appreciation for that gifted speaker, Mrs. Sheehan, and also for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*. The praise given by you for the paper, applies to our contributors almost wholly—those who lend their aid to make it what it is. It must be gratifying to them to know that they are striking a comprehensive chord everywhere.

Disgratful Falsehoods.

A mass-meeting, lightly attended, was held at the First Methodist church in this city, on the 15th inst., to protest against the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. Among the eight resolutions adopted giving reasons for the closing, we find the following:

"It would be a violation of the law of God, which is supreme and the foundation of all civil government, and as such, it ought to be respected and obeyed by our legislators, as they must give account."

When, where, and under what circumstances, did God ordain a law relating to the Christian Sunday? Taking the Holy Scriptures to be all the churches claim, there is not one word or intimation in favor of Sunday as a sacred day, or even a day of rest. It is a fraud, to so allege, an imposition on the public which ought to be severely rebuked.

We owe our Sunday to an edict of the pagan emperor Constantine, before he embraced Christianity. It was dedicated by him to the sun, not to Jesus. Its name was not Apollo's day, the Lord's day, or anything of the sort, but in Latin was *die Solis*, that is, the day of the sun.

If God's law is the foundation of all civil government, as the resolution claims, and the laws alleged to have been given by God to Moses are copies of that law, then "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," not Constantine's Sunday—the day after the Sabbath. But it seems the good God became disgrated with the observance of his own Sabbath. Turn to Isaiah 11 to 17, and read. We only copy a part: "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meetings. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to hear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear; your hands are full of blood."

If the great law-giver hated the Jews, their Sabbaths, incense, prayers and assemblies, how much more must he hate those who try to palm off some other day upon the people as his holy Sabbath?

Not to Be Trusted.

During all the ages since the reign of Constantine, the world has been cursed by laws the originals of which were edicts issued by him, else forgeries of such edicts afterwards enacted into laws by sympathizing governments. One of the former directed the civil magistrates to enforce the execution of all Episcopal awards. Under the operation of this law the civil authorities were compelled to execute the decrees of the Inquisition. Says Hallam, discussing upon the "Ecclesiastical Power During the Middle Ages," p. 295 of his "Views of the State of Europe":

"Another edict ascribed to the same emperor (Constantine) and annexed to the Theodosian code, extended the jurisdiction of the bishops to all causes which either party chose to refer to a, even where they had already commenced in a secular court, and declared the bishop's sentence not subject to appeal. This edict has clearly been proved to be a forgery."

The church was not content to rest with the concessions made to it by one of the vilest of men, who had made his way to empire through seas of blood, but, to influence coming generations, they perpetuated the grossest of forgeries, and palmed them on unsuspecting governments, which became rules of action for long centuries thereafter. Is it safe to give credit to anything which has come down to us through hands covered with corruption?

A Voice From Cincinnati.

A WORD FOR THAT GRAND WORKER, MRS. ADA SHEEHAN.

TO THE EDITOR:—Too much cannot be said of the good work being done by the Psychic Research Society of this city through the instrumentality of Mrs. Ada Sheehan and others. We are blessed with a feast of reason and flow of knowledge, given us every Sunday from her inspired lips. They come to us from the higher intelligences and are highly appreciated by all. Many skeptics and materialists drop in to hear her grand lectures.

Many new faces are seen in her audiences every Sunday to listen to the words of wisdom that fall upon their ears. Mr. Harmon, the president of the association, is the right man in the right place; he is a worker. The Engler Hall Society intends the erection of a new and commodious temple, in which to hold their meetings to greet spirit return. Work upon it will be commenced in the early Spring.

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A Worthy Example.

Floury, in his Ecclesiastical History, Vol. 9, p. 167, tells us that Radbod, king of the Frisians, one of the ancient northern nations of Europe, was so exasperated when told by a missionary, that he entered the baptismal font, that the great heroes of the past and all their ancestors were in hell, that he drew back his foot and declined the ceremony. He preferred the company of the brave, even in hell, to the highest seat in heaven, with hypocrites, liars and babies. Who blames him for his choice?

